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THE



QUARTERLY NEWSLETTER OF THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN LEAGUE
HEADQUARTERS—MONTANA STATE PRISON, DEER LODGE, MONTANA

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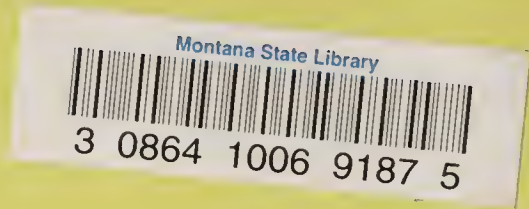


WINTER Song :

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TO OUR READERS

The North American Indian League is an non-profit organization and consists of a group of Native American inmates all of whom work on a voluntary basis. Although, we are limited in many of our activities, what available hours we have are devoted to this League to run the Indian dances and other related cultural purposes of the American Indian.

The members work hard and give freely of their time in order to contact potential participants. Without their efforts Indian celebrations of this type would be impossible. The only qualifications needed to be a member of the North American Indian League are the willingness and desire to give of your ability, time, and ideas.

There are many other Indian celebrations throughout the year making our job that much tougher. Regardless, we feel we have given our all and have done our best. Your enjoyment and appreciation are our only rewards. Support the North American Indian League in many of our upcoming events.

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Many thanks to the Brothers who contributed articles to
The Hunter.

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NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN LEAGUE
c/o HUNTER
P.O. Box 7
Deer Lodge, Montana 59722

The HUNTER is our quarterly newsletter of the North American Indian League. The contents mainly about Indian People—their goals, their hopes, their successes, their failures. Includes articles on Indian culture, History, and Ceremonies; Poetry, Indian Organizations and Programs. The HUNTER is illustrated with drawings and photographs, and some articles are also reprinted from other Indian periodicals.

N.A.I.L. is also concerned with the preservation of the Indian culture and bringing about better understanding of the Indian in our society in general. We want people out there to know that there are Indians who are helping themselves in Prison until they are eventually released.

- () Enclosed is \$10.00 in check and/or money order for a one year (4 issues) subscription.
- () Enclosed in \$2.50 in check and/or money order for one issue.

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The HUNTER has advertising spaces available. Advertisements will be published for one full year. Mail your advertisement and checks or money orders to the North American Indian League, c/o HUNTER, P.O. Box 7, Deer Lodge, Montana 59822. Prices for advertising will be as follows:

ONE QUARTER PAGE 3½" by 5" — \$25.00
ONE HALF PAGE 5" by 7" — \$40.00
ONE FULL PAGE 7" by 10" — \$55.00



N.A.I.L. Continues to Struggle

Its been quite some time since I've placed an article in our Newsletter. And so, for this particular Issue there are a few things I'd like to share with our Readers and Outside Supporters of NAIL.

First of all, in September of 1980, when I first arrived here NAIL appeared to be a strong organization. And since becoming involved with NAIL I've learned what NAIL is all about, and learned a little of NAIL's history. There are still many older Brothers here at the prison who were around when NAIL first started in the early 70's.

NAIL is not just another prison organization. We here at NAIL have set several priorities that we felt would be most important for the entire Native American population here at the prison. So far, we have been successful with a few of our projects. And so, I'd like to give our Readers some insight to our accomplishments.

Our very first project to get off the ground was our Cultural Class held on Sunday mornings. The idea of establishment was not a newly created interest of NAIL. We've bounced this idea around amongst ourselves for several months, and finally decided what we really wanted. One very important item to help things along, was to find a Staff Sponsor, who would be able to come in on Sunday mornings to sponsor our Cultural Class activities.

At first, we had some problems in finding a Staff Sponsor willing to sponsor our regular NAIL meetings held on Saturday mornings from 9:00 to 10:30 a.m. We were fortunate in having Frank Thompson, the Visiting Room Officer, inquire to become a Sponsor for NAIL. After having agreed to sponsor our regular NAIL meetings, Frank Thompson began coming in to sponsor our Cultural Class on Sunday mornings when we were unable to find a Staff Sponsor. And so, many thanks to our Sponsor Frank Thompson for his time and support to NAIL.

One important issue that has affected NAIL involves the New Warden Henry Risley, who came to the prison in August of 1981. After finally arriving here, NAIL sort of began functioning on a very selective or limited basis. Obviously, the New Warden didn't know anything about Native Americans or care to know anything about our tradition, culture, and heritage. But, regardless of what the New Warden thought, we continued with our struggle. We put it in our minds that we would some how convince the Warden and the rest of the Administration that they couldn't treat us like the rest of the Inmate population, because of our background as Native Americans.

This past year '82, we were able to see progress in our struggle. We were able to have more Outside Guests attending our Native American Awareness Day than we did in '81. We also had a good turn out at our Four Seasons Ceremony held on December 18, 1982, from 12:00 noon to 4:00 p.m. We plan and hope to have a Ceremonial or Traditional event at least four (4) times a year.

NAIL CONTINUES TO STRUGGLE cont.

So far, we have been successful in showing the Administration that we do try and keep in touch with our way of life. Many of us here at NAIL feel that we should continue with our struggle.

There are a few other projects we would like to see here at the prison. We don't have a Drug & Alcohol Program for the Native American Inmates. This type of project would be a slow process, but would eventually show its results. What is mostly important in getting this Drug & Alcohol Program off the ground is having outside support from the Indian Reservations, Indian Alliances, and all other interested parties or individuals.

One very important aspect of our struggle concerns the availability of the SWEAT LODGE. Although, we may in the future finally have an opportunity in exercising our own ceremonies, rituals, and beliefs, we must continue stressing the importance and sacredness of the SWEAT LODGE CEREMONY. The Brothers who are here now, should have a mutual regard for our SWEAT LODGE, not only between ourselves and the Administration, but for the future.

Another important aspect of our struggle involves denial of access to our Spiritual Leaders from their respective Tribes or Reservations. At the present time, when one of the Brothers wishes to consult a Spiritual Leader for guidance, Prayer, or religious reasons, etc. its usually when NAIL is having an approved scheduled Ceremonial or Traditional event. Obviously, this shouldn't even happen.

There are many projects and ideas worth implicating for the sole purposes of creating a clear understanding, and exchanging ideas, thoughts, concepts, and coming to realize that we can exist together without conflict. NAIL tends to show a considerable interest in our tradition, cultural, and heritage.

There are many other concerns I'd like to mention and share with our Readers and Outside Supporters of NAIL, but we here at NAIL are dealing with these existing problems on a step-by-step basis. I would like to see more involvement from inside the prison as well as from outside the prison.

Gilbert Hanaway,
NAIL Director

SUPPORT THE

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NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN LEAGUE

ARTS & CRAFTS PROJECT

The beading and choker making supplies have been ordered from the Grey Owl Indian Craft Mfg. Co. in New York. In addition to the order, I've asked Grey Owl personnel for a number of new catalogs and extra order blanks. Hopefully, the goods will be here by mid-December and we'll get this thing off of the ground, finally.

The main reason I wanted extra catalogs and order blanks is that, a better means of ordering supplies is necessary due to the fact that N.A.I.L.'s members are located in each of the various units.

I hope to have an assistant in each unit who would keep the catalog and order blanks and assist the people in his respective unit with ordering supplies. This would entail knowing how to fill in the order blanks with the necessary catalog information.

Unless a person plans to pay for his own supplies, his order should be returned to me so that I can record the order and take it before the Board of Directors for purchase approval. Recording the orders and getting the Board's permission to purchase them are requirements in accordance with our by-laws.

In order to insure that a catalog and order blanks are available in each unit, a record will be kept on hand to keep track of who has the catalogs and order blanks in each unit. If one of the assistants should be transferred or released from his unit or prison respectively, he should return the catalog and blanks to me or whoever can make sure I get them back.

I checked with Burt Sollee about the hobby permits for those people who are participating in beading and choker making. I was informed that he would issue permits when the supplies arrived and I could show him who these supplies were for. This will be all taken care of by the time we get this stuff delivered.

During the general N.A.I.L. meeting of December 4, 1982, a tentative date was set for another arts and crafts sale at the Rimrock Mall in Billings. I felt that in mentioning this now would create some incentive for you people wanting to participate in making some hobby or craft items, but just couldn't make up your mind to do it.

It's not definite that N.A.I.L. will have a sale at the Rimrock Mall this spring or early summer, because it is dependent upon the success of our arts and crafts project. The project, in turn, is dependent upon individual efforts as a whole. So, it boils down that the success of any sales or shows sponsored by N.A.I.L. is dependent on each participant.

Anyone who is interested in seeing his own arts and/or crafts products at this tentative sale in Billings should contact me for any information or details.

Ken Strandberg
Arts & Crafts Coordinator

N.A.I.L. CULTURAL COMMITTEE

In September of 1979, when the old prison was closed and after we'd all been moved out to this new prison, the prison administration wouldn't allow N.A.I.L. to have its Cultural Class at a separate time from the regular meetings. Inside the walls we used to have Cultural Class on Tuesday evenings and the meetings on Saturday. Quite a few outside guests used to come in too.

It has taken quite some time to persuade the prison officials into allowing us to have Cultural Class again, but it actually happened. Kenneth Comes Last is the Cultural Committee Coordinator. With the help of N.A.I.L. Director Gilbert Hanaway, they secured a room and time period that all the bro's can get together and sing, dance, play stick games, show films, work arts & crafts, and talk about the Indian way of life.

All the N.A.I.L. members should be encouraged to attend and participate in the various activities of the Cultural Committee. Its success depends on you, while at the same time, you can grow both mentally and spiritually.

Mr. Gilbert Hanaway Sr. and Mr. Robert Gopher have came into the Cultural Class on a few occasions to give talks and pray for us. Their message has always been very truthful and filled with meanings that can be useful to those who seek this type of knowledge. It's always a pleasure to have Gilbert and Bob, and anyone else for that matter, as our guests. Their advice should always be remembered and treasured.

At present, the N.A.I.L. Cultural Committee is held every Sunday morning from 8:00 till 10:30 A.M.. Should any of our outside readers wish to attend, who are not on an inmates visiting list, please submit your name to Kenneth Comes Last at least one (1) week in advance of when you wish to attend.

I might add that we have several members in here who are dancers, but we also have a vast shortage of dancing outfits. Anyone having materials for dancing outfits that they'd like to donate, may do so by sending them to Kenneth Comes Last. It would be most appreciated.

Walk in Peace and Harmony with the Great Spirit.....

Dave Azure



Native American Awareness Day

-OCTOBER 2, 1982-

The Opening Prayer was led by Robert Gopher, and his words were right to our hearts and we thank you for your being here.

Next up the NAIL Drummers & Singers were introduced: Ken Comeslast, Gary Dog Taking Gun, Raymond Big Day, Mike Gopher, and our thanks to Joe Gardipee for joining the Singers today.

A presentation was then given to Mrs. Vi Durham and a blanket as well, she could only be here for a little while, then went home.

Mr. Aaron Perry of the Butte Indian Alliance then gave us some worthy words of love & compassion, and was glad that he could bring his group here to enjoy the festivities here with the NAIL Brothers and we thank you for coming.

More Drummers & Singing & Dancing by everyone.

It has been quite a while since we last honored any of our NAIL sponsors and our last sponsor was Father Flemming, who passed on, and we honored him when we had a day proclaimed Father Flemming Day - August 29th, and to that man we owe a great debt for his kindness and willingness to help.

As you know, NAIL has been in existence for 13 ½ years and out of those years, we have had the privilege of having some sponsors that have been a great asset of NAIL productivity - of NAIL programs - which are endless -

I know of no other Prison organization that has their own special sponsor, some one they could turn to when times were tough, or to talk to, a human being as our own.

You know of course that we live only for today, but if it weren't for our sponsors and the co-ordinators of the administration, we wouldn't have what we have today, and for that reason, our sponsor was there to help us, no matter how the case load they had to do, they always had time for us.

It has to be hard for some one to sit and listen to all of our "small talk", but the main thing is, our sponsors were available to help us whenever needed.

In the last year or so, we had to say goodbye to one of our sponsors so often, we didn't know what path was next? First a car wreck that almost cost him his life, then numerous operations that almost cost him his life, and just today, we heard that Mr. Brown might be back to work but his condition isn't that good. We wish Mr. Brown could have been here today. We miss you a lot Earl and our hearts are with you.

This past year, one of our dearest sponsors suffered a stroke that almost took her away from us, and today we are proud to have her here. Since then she has retired from MSP, but has left her impression on us all.

A presentation of a Yellow Blanket was awarded to Mrs. Durham, also a Certificate of Appreciation. Mrs. Durham gave a rather small but humble speech, and had to leave early - well, where ever you are Vi, we will always think of you. Do take care.

Our N.A.A.D. came to a close at 4:00 P.M.. Thanks to all the outside guests that made our N.A.A.D. a success. We hope to see you all again. Till we meet again.

Respectfully,
Adrian P. Mehseelah
NAIL MEMBER

"ENERGY INDEPENDENCE: A CHALLENGE FOR NATIVE AMERICAN COMMUNITIES"

- This is the theme of a conference to be held on April 15 and 16, 1983 at the University of California, Los Angeles (UCLA), under the sponsorship of the UCLA American Indian Studies Center, the University of New Mexico Native American Studies Center and the United Indian Development Association.
- The national demand for energy and natural resources on American Indian Reservations has created a need for more effective development policies, and with that a greater need for developers, tribal leaders, and government as well as Indian communities to communicate their views on the issues on the issues arising from this demand in order to reach a better understanding of the complexities.
- The conference will feature 7 sessions covering the major energy areas. Top planners, developers, and scholars in energy resource development on Indian lands will discuss appropriate technology, oil, nuclear, geothermal, natural gas, coal, and hydroelectric issues - emphasizing the legal and ethical aspects of development.
- There will also be 4 workshops regarding legal aspects, taxation, water rights, and ethics and values. Native American community planners will discuss the role of cultural values in the development process and the socio-economic consequences of resource development in the Native American communities.
- For further information on the conference, write or call American Indian Studies Center; 3220 Campbell Hall; University of California; Los Angeles, California 90024. The phone number is: (213) 825-7315.

These quotes were taken from speakers during the 4th annual National Indian Child Conference held recently in Phoenix, Arizona.

"The key to the future is education...we must not only learn the Indian ways, but we have to incorporate the ways of a progressive society into our own culture."

"We have to learn to live in the white world, but it's important that our own people are given quality training and education."

FOUR SEASONS CEREMONY

Many of the Brothers here at NAIL looked forward to our Four Seasons Ceremony held on December 18, 1982, from 12:00 noon to 4:00 p.m. It was a swell turn out, considering our location inside the prison and a small amount of Outside Guests in attendance. Everybody appeared to be enjoying themselves throughout that afternoon.

Our Outside Guests consisted of men, women, and children of all ages. The majority of them were potential participants of Ceremonial or Traditional events from various tribes.

Our Four Seasons Ceremony began with an Opening Prayer by Gilbert Hanaway Sr, a Northern Arapahoe from the Wind River Indian Reservation in Wyoming, who said the Prayer in his own native tongue. Following the Opening Prayer, Robert Gopher of Gt. Falls, Montana gave a brief talk concerning a possible initiation of a Pre-Release Center in Gt. Falls for Inmates of the Montana State Prison. He also mentioned he was thankful for our invitation to our Four Seasons Ceremony.

Master of Ceremonies for the afternoon activities was Adrian "Chief" Mahseelah.



Next on our agenda was Traditional Dancing & Singing. There was plenty of Dancing & Singing for everyone. All songs throughout the afternoon was provided by our NAIL Drummers & Singers: Lead Singer Raymond Big Day, Mike Gopher, Gary Dog Taking Gun, Dave Azure, Dan Edmunson, & Stanley Many White Horses. Many thanks goes to Thane Gopher of Gt. Falls for giving the NAIL Singers a hand during that afternoon.

At the middle of the program we had a small give-away for our NAIL Sponsor, Frank Thompson. Items given away were: beaded lighter case, carton cigarettes, beaded buckle, leather buckle, leather checkbook holder, and one fruitcake. Following our small give-away there was more Traditional Dancing & Singing.

Refreshments was served to our Outside Guests throughout our program and a light lunch was served with a lot of Fried Bread. There was plenty of Fried Bread left over, so everyone was able to take some home. A meal isn't a meal without Fried Bread to go with it!

Once again, our thanks goes to Aaron Perry of Butte, Montana for bringing in his Dancing Group.

WE, THE BROTHERS OF THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN LEAGUE
WOULD LIKE TO THANK EVERYONE FOR THEIR PARTICIPATION
AND SUPPORT, WITHOUT WHOM OUR FOUR SEASONS CEREMONY
WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN POSSIBLE. MAY THE GREAT SPIRIT
WATCH OVER OUR PEOPLE FOR MANY SEASONS TO COME.

* * * * *

MATERIALS WANTED

HIDES, FEATHERS, HORSEHAIR, etc.

Attention HUNTER Readers and Supporters of NAIL!
Our Cultural Class and Arts & Crafts Committee here
at the Prison is seeking donations for hides, claws,
feathers, horsehair, antlers, hooves, sinew, horns,
elk teeth, porcupine hair, etc. Your donations and
support would be deeply appreciated.

For more information write:

NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN LEAGUE

c/o Cultural Class/Arts & Crafts
Committee

P.O. Box 7

Deer, Lodge, Montana 59722

History Lesson

As a young man, I asked my Grandfather what the Red Man had done to make the white man hate him so much. My Grandfather replied, that it was because the Red Man did every thing back wards.

Like eating Buffalo instead of enjoying them for sport....

Like looking at the sun instead of using a clock....

Like thinking that a man is rich according to what he gives away, rather than what he hoards and possesses....

Like thinking that a person becomes very wise in old age, rather than becoming feeble and useless....

Like the way even the men wear their hair long and decorated, instead of clean cut like a gentleman should....

The Red Man held back progress my Grandfather said....

That is why it was necessary to kill him even when he did not have a gun, and to re-educate the leftovers on government reservations....

After all the Red Man had no right to be here....

EVERY WHITE MAN KNOWS COLUMBUS DISCOVERED AMERICA????

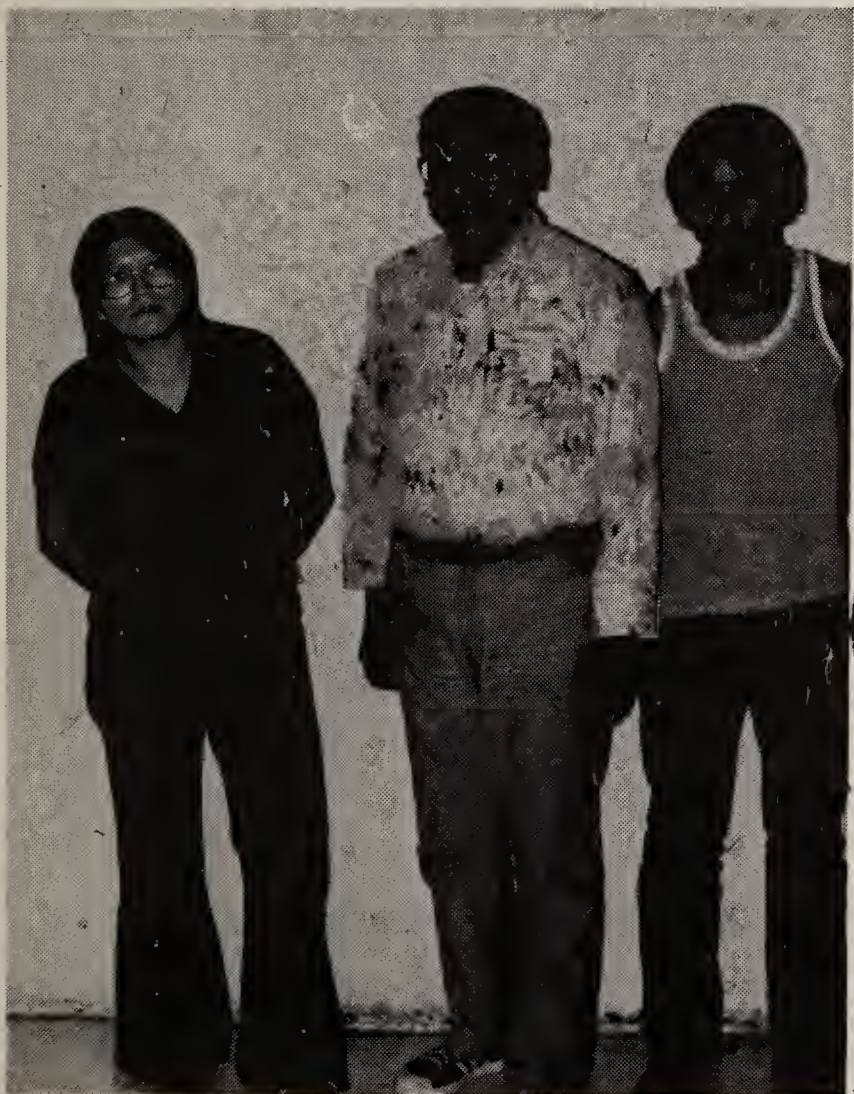
Your Brother

Bob Stanford

N.A.I.L. Chief

Boise, Idaho

L-R Gloria & Gene Shopteese
Delores Snow, Levi Campbell
& Marilyn Bigby



Ramonia Hanaway, Gilbert Hanaway Sr.,
Alvin Talks Different. We thank you very
much for your participation in our cul-
ture class.



Letters To The Editor

Greetings Brothers:

From all the Brothers here at the Idaho State Prison, in Boise Idaho. We read in the Hunter where you are about to get your Sweat Lodge. We down here know the problems you are going thru, because we went through the same ones last year, and finally got to build and use the Sacred Sweat Lodge last June. So far we have had no problems from the administration. We now get to Sweat and Prey once a week, whereas we used to have a Sweat once a month.

These white people are untrusting and always think we are up to some thing no good. They do not understand, that the Sweat Lodge is Sacred to us, like a church is to them. They do not understand, that in the Sweat Lodge we are next to our Mother the Earth, and the Universe around us, unlike in a church where they are surrounded by four walls, a ceiling and a floor where we could not touch our Mother, or be involved with the universe around us. I could go on, but I will say the Sweat Lodge is good for us, and helps us to better understand ourselves, our Brothers around us, and provides a way for us to help and pray for our people.

In closing I would like to say, that if we can help you get your Sweat Lodge, just write and let us know, and we will do what we can.



If you wish to write,
the address is
N.A.I.L.
P.O. box 14
Boise, Idaho 83707

Enclosed you will find a picture of our Sweat Lodge, and some of the Brothers attending a Sweat, along with a poem I wrote. I like the Hunter a lot, and would like to continue receiving it after I am released. I get out the 30th. of this month. We are not allowed the right to publish a news paper here so we can not trade publications with you, but we thank you for sending the Hunter to us.

The Brothers here are thinking about you, and we include you in our Prayers.

May the Spirit Eagle fold his wings around you, and protect you, and guide you all to Freedom.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:



I heard alot...
I seen alot...
and walked alot.

I wonder whats becoming of our people out there. There is too much selfishness among our people, your letting the white man's ways ruin our Tribal ways of life. What happened to our togetherness as one? Your letting the dirty trickery of the white man fool you.

As I sit here and read and listen to my people talk over their settlements of money and what their going to do with it, between the tribes, and one dont agree with the other and they want to stab each other in the back. Whats happening to my true Brothers and Sisters out there?? The only true Brothers I have are in prison, they are like myself, I cannot live by laws set down by the white people.

As a young man, beforing being sent off to boarding school, I was fortunate to be raised in the Traditional ways of life, I was taught the meaning of sharing and the beauty of respect for the Great Spirit.

Whats hurts me the most is to see and hear about my people out there not helping each other out, but helping them fall behind bars, all Tribes shouldn't even have police. I know the whites said it was for law and order, but I say if we go back to the Traditional ways you will realize we dont need policemen to throw our Brothers and Sisters in prison, and we wont have to worry about food and shelter for the little ones. There wont be no need for greed. and be proud, oh! did I say proud, you stop and think before you say your proud of what your doing, cause there is a lot of our people who need help from all sorts of bad needs. The only place I ever hear "Hi Brother" is in prison, I never hear this out there, why?? because your in your own white ways of life, to be what your not.

I dont care where my Brothers and Sisters are at, or what he is, I'll do whatever I can do to help, instead of saying, " I'am sorry I can't make it, I have a very important meeting", which never gets anywhere, but causes a lot of hate over popularity. Well I can go on and on, but I do hope alot of my Brothers and Sisters be what our ancestors were long ago, cause I'am telling you these white ways are destroying your pride and cultural ways of life...

"Like before and now I'am very intrested in hearing from the Elders of our Tribes, for the benefit of my Brothers as well as myself"

With love and Prayers
Always

A Brother.....

Kenneth Comas Last

A Bed for God - Arapahoe

Missionaries to the Plains Indian Tribes in the early 1900s were made of sturdy stuff. They had to be. If they had been in any way weak, if they had been willing to give up easily, they would have been betraying their God and themselves.

It was a hard struggle, uphill all the way, but not without victories in varying degrees. They gave enough encouragement to keep the missionaries going, as this story will show. The events in the story are true but the story its self has changed over the years from retelling. It is, however, a favorite mission folktale of many Indians in Oklahoma.

The small white painted mission was set on a barren hill just west of Clinton, Oklahoma. There was the church of course, there was a two room frame house for the missionaries to live in, and there was a one room building that served for a school, which some Indian children attended more or less irregularly. Sometimes, in moments of exuberance, the missionaries talked of some day, maby, just possibly, of adding two rooms, one for the boys, and one for the girls, so the children could stay at the school without having to rely on their parents to bring them and take them home. It was a misty dream, however, for the local Tribal leaders were opposed to schools in general and mission schools in particular.

So it was with some apprehension that the missionaries saw the local Tribal leader come into the church one autumn Sunday. His name has been forgotten over the course of the years and now he is simply called Chief Big Shield.

He seated himself in the back and was very quiet, listening to hymns and prayers and sermons. After the service he approached the minister. They shook hands and exchanged a formal greeting.

"You do things nice in this church," Chief Big Shield observed. "You even have books to sing and pray out of, so people who know how to read will not get lost."

"Yes we are very fortunate. The mission board in Washington was able to supply us with those books."

Your church has an office in Washington? Chief Big Shield asked thoughtfully. Yes the missionary replied. There is a big stone church there and many people attend it. Some of those people are very rich and they have been told about the Indians. They want to help the Indians. They thought if perhaps the Indians learned the whitemans religion maby the Indians would have a better life.

Maby so, but I do not think the Indian religion is bad, but maby so, Chief Big Shield pondered. Maby those rich people in Washington are right. Maby if I learned your religion I would understand your ways better and I would be able to help my people better and keep my family from being hungry and cold. Maby. Would you teach me your religion? After I have learned it, I will make up my mind about which religion I like.

Gladly said the missionary, my wife and I will both teach you and then you can tell your people the way we believe.

No, you teach me alone! In the Indian way a man teaches a boy, and a woman teaches a girl. We do it in the Indian way.

All right. We'll do it the Indian way. When do you want to start?

I will come to your house early tomorrow morning and we will start then.

All right, you plan to stay all morning and my wife will cook dinner for us.

The following morning Chief Big Shield arrived at eight o clock. The two men went into the little office that the missionary used as a study. And so it was for many mornings. Each day the wife would fix a

noon dinner for them and then Chief Big Shield would leave for home.

It was a long slow tedious job, with tales of the all power matched to those of Father, Son and Holy Ghost, but each man listened attentively to the other.

They came to the Christmas story. Chief Big Shield listened when the missionary told how Joseph had gone to the inn for a room and was told the inn was full but that he and Mary could use the stable. Chief Big Shield stopped the missionary at this point.

You mean all the space they had for that poor woman to have her baby was in a livery stable like where we keep horses in town?

No, it was not like that. It was a barn with cows and chickens in it.

That woman, she had to give birth to that little baby lying on the floor? Chief Big Shield wondered. It was cold.

No, they made a bed for her of straw. It was warm there, like a tipi. The animals helped make it warm. When the little Jesus was born, his mother wrapped him up in a blanket and he was warm and safe.

It makes no difference if he was warm or cold. He should not have been born in a place where all those animals were. The woman should have fixed him a tipi, like we do.

There were no tipi's in that country. The barn was a very safe place. In those days you had to be a man of some importance to even be allowed to stay in the barn. Joseph was a skilled man, he was a carpenter.

I do not care what, they should not have let that woman have her baby there. You mean they do not have tipi's in that country? The missionary shook his head. Then Chief Big Shield continued, We Arapahos do better than that. We think a lot of our children.

Everybody for almost two thousand years has loved that baby and respected him. His mother did every thing she knew how.

You keep talking about his mother trying, what happened to his father after his mother went into the barn? You know, the man his mother married.

God was his real father.

Then why did not God do something about it?

He did, he sent that little helpless humble baby to teach that the highest things are the lowliest.

Chief Big Shield got up and wrapped his blanket around him self. He stood staring out the window towards the northwest. At last he spoke. Each night we talk it over good. We think we know you a little better. Maby. Just maby we know you a little better now. Your religion is different from the Arapaho. It has some good things that we can understand. But to treat a woman who is having a baby that way is terrible. And to let the baby stay in a barn, that is bad. I go tell my people. You say he came in December? December night is cold. He ought to have a warm place to live. You say he come again?

Every December. Every Christmas, if you open your heart to him.

I will go now. I will tell all the people about this baby being born in a barn. I think, maby this year we will fix him up right. Fix him up the Arapaho way.

That day Chief Big Shield did not stay for dinner. He hurried away leaving the missionaries in a bewildered state of mind. They hoped they had not failed. If only they had given Chief Big Shield a little of the Christmas Spirit they would be happy for Christmas.

The missionaries became more confused as the days moved nearer to Christmas and the news of Chief Big Shield and other Arapahos reached them.

(cont.)

The Arapahos had recieved the money for rental of thier lands for grazing cattle. Chief Big Shield had gone to the furniture store in Clinton and bought a bed----A magnificent brass bed. Other Arapahos had brought bedding, pillows, and the ultamate----a gloriously striped trade blanket for a bed spread, and someone, know one quite knows who, donated a tipi. The day before Christmas many Arapahos left town on a pilgrimage to the north west about ten miles from Clinton, where there are some high bluffs. On the way out of town they stopped at the mission and invited the missionaries to go with them. The missionaries were so curious that they could not refuse.

Chief Big Shield led the way to the highest hill he could find on the plain. The men carried the things from the wagon to the top of the hill. The women erected the tipi and the men set up the brass bed. The bed was made and a fire lighted inside the tipi. They all stood around and admired the beauty of thier work.

Chief Big Shield turned to the missionaries, Now I say a prayer for this new home and when I am finished, you say one in your way.

I'll be glad to said the missionary.

Now we go, the Chief said after the prayers were finished. This here tipi and bed is for baby Jesus. It will stay here all the time and when the baby Jesus returns he will have a home. This year he is fixed up good in the Arapaho way.

The two missionaries looked at each other in amazement. They thought they had a convert.

You will be a christian? the missionary asked.

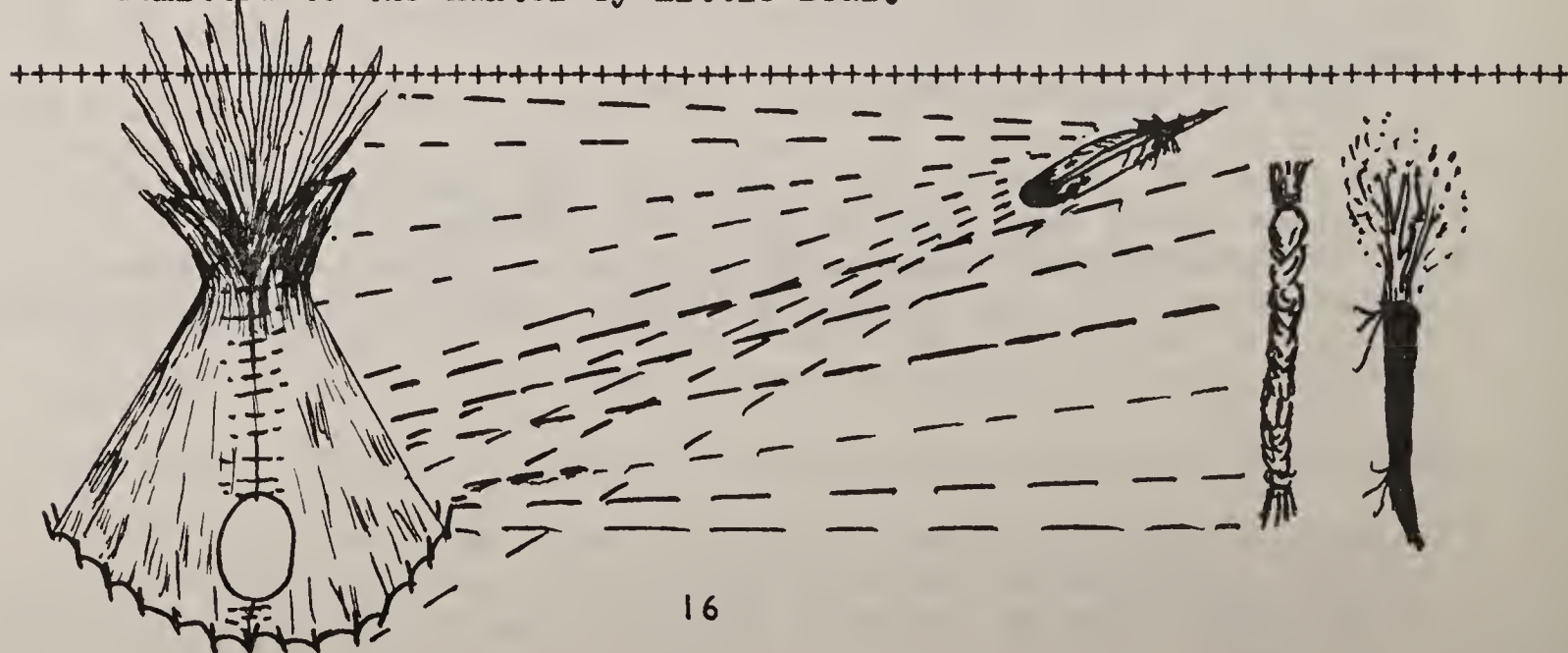
No. I stay an Arapaho. I like it that way. I just wanted to be sure that baby Jesus is warm each Christmas and that his mother has a place to stay. We Arapahos, we like little children. You say baby Jesus's father is God, the creator. The missionary nodded in agreement. Well, we believe in the creator too. We call him Maheo. So your God and our God will be pleased to take care of this baby. Maby he represents all babys everywhere. We will celebrate all childrens birthdays at your Christmas time.

And so the missionaries returned home with a glow in thier hearts for the Christmas Spirit. There on the high bluff stood the proud tipi looking like a woman with the glow of the fire burning like a candle in the night to tell of the love in the peoples hearts.

This story was told by Richard Pratt, Arapaho.
A different version was written by Zoe Tilghman and appeared in Oklahoma Today. Published by the State of Oklahoma, Spring 1965.

Taken out of the book Plains Indian Mythology, by Alice Marriot, and Carol K. Rachlin.

Submitted to the Hunter by Little Bear.



Montana United Indian Association

Phone
443-5350

846 Front Street
Helena, Montana
59601



| | |
|----------------|-----------------------|
| Ed Barbeau | Chairman of the Board |
| Charles Fisher | Vice-Chairman |
| Jeannette Lei | Secretary |
| Mike Ritthaler | Treasurer |
| Ben Bushyhead | Executive Director |

A Consortium to meet the needs and enhance the opportunities of the Urban, Landless and Off-reservation Indian population in Montana.

ALLIANCES

For Services and Assistance

Anaconda Indian Alliance
209 East Park (563-3459)
Anaconda, Mont -59711-

North American Indian Alliance
12 East Galena (723-4361)
Butte, Mont -59701-

Native American Center
700 10th St South (761-3165)
Gt Falls, Mont -59403-

Billings American Indian Council
3615 Montana Ave (657-6056)
Billings, Mont -59101-

Helena Indian Alliance
436 North Jackson (442-9334)
Helena, Mont -59601-

Hi-Line Indian Alliance
140 West 2nd St (265-7827)
Havre, Mont -59501-

Qua Qui Corporation
401 West Railroad (329-3905)
Missoula, Mont -59801-

Indian Development & Education Alliance
504 Main St (232-6112)
Miles City, Mont -59301-

WE SUPPORT THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN LEAGUE

GIVE THEM YOUR SUPPORT

MUIA IS AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITY EMPLOYER

Yellow Thunder Camp

A 20 year old Lakota man from the Standing Rock Sioux Reservation has been charged with 1st. degree murder in a shooting incident this past July at Yellow thunder Camp in the Black Hills of Western South Dakota, near Rapid City.

Collins Catch the Bear, an escapee from a Correctional Half-Way House in Rapid City has been charged with the killing of Clarence Tollefson, a 49 year old retired military man who, on July 21, drove his landrover to a ridge overlooking the camp and threatened several camp residents with a rifle and a revolver. Tollefson, who wore camouflage army fatigues, was already known to camp residents as "troublesome" and allegedly had been involved in other incidents of harrassment directed at Yellow Thunder. Racial tensions have been running high through spring and summer in that part of South Dakota, with several reported killings of Indians, phone threats to Indian organizations and openly hostile statements by the Pennington County State Attorney on the nature and future of the Yellow Thunder Camp. The Tollefson killing has considerably heightened tension and is likely to develop into a full scale prosecution of camp residents. A 32 year old black man, Jim Lee Jones (aka Wanblee No Heart), a sometimes camp resident and also an escapee from a Youth Correctional facility in Colorado has emerged as key witnesses for the State Attorneys Office. Jones who was offered immunity from prosecution both for his own escape and on matters connected with the Tollefson shooting testified in court that Catch The Bear shot Tollefson in the back of the head with a 22 caliber rifle. Jones also testified that Russel Means, one of the camp residents, and Bruce Ellison, attorney for Yellowthunder Camp, both had helped to orchestrate the camp version of events and that Means, in particular had instructed other men at the camp to cover up tracks at the shooting site.

A second witness, Sam Lone Wolf, also a sometime camp resident, testified that Means had instructed other men at the site to "wipe off fingerprints" from Tollefson's pickup.

A version of the shooting supported by the testimony of several camp residents holds that Tollefson was shot by his own gun, a 357 caliber revolver when he pointed it at one of the security men who blocked the gun, causing Tollefson to shoot himself, thus inflicting the mortal wound.

The forensic report, prepared by a Sioux Falls pathologist working for the Pennington County Court could not determine conclusively what gun caused the fatal wound, only that the shot was fired from a distance of three to four feet from Tollefson.

Whatever the final judgement on the facts of the Tollefson killing ultimately is, one thing is certain; the FBI involvement factor should not be underestimated. When it comes to South Dakota and especially in a case involving Lakotah AIM leader Russel Means, one would be foolish not to respect that factor.

Two items come to mind, 1. the quick emergence of recently released convict testimony, and 2. the rise of a movement to implicate and incriminate Rapid City Lawyer Bruce Ellison, an attorney of unimpeachable credentials and, also counsel for railroaded AIM leader Leonard Peltier.

LETTERS OF PROTEST SHOULD BE SENT TO

JAMES WEAVER
CHAIRMAN OF FOREST SUB COMMITTEE
1226 LONGWORTH HOB
WASHINGTON D.C. 20515

DON EDWARDS
CHAIRMAN, CIVIL AND CONSTITUTIONAL
RIGHTS SUB COMMITTEE
2307 RAYBURN HOB
WASHINGTON D.C. 20515

(reprinted from the AKWESASNE NOTES)

YA YA

To the children of the Flathead Reservation, the old woman on the mountain is affectually known as YA YA.

YA YA in Flathead language means grandmother. To the 3,000 members of the Flathead tribe, in the northwest corner of Montana, YA YA is the teacher of the old Indian ways.

Every summer Indian parents drive thier boys and girls the twelve miles up the dirt road to Agnes Y A YA Vanderburg's camp on the 6,000 foot level on the eastern slope of the Squaw peak.

The 81 year old grandmother said, when I was young, we still had the old ways, but now many Flatheads can not speak the Indian language.

YA YA said ten years ago my people asked me to teach the younger generation every thing I know about the old Indian ways, in an attempt to keep our culture and traditions alive. Every summer since, in her camp on Squaw Peak, YA YA has taught these things to the Flathead children. She teaches them the old stories, and the life style taught to her by her mother and grandmother, the same as thier mothers and grand mothers taught them.

The men of the tribe teach thier sons and grandsons to hunt deer, elk, and bear in the mountains, and bring the kill to the camp. YA YA shows the girls how to skin and butcher the animals and tan the hides.

YA YA also teaches them how to make moccasins, tee pee's and clothing out of the skins. Baskets are made from porcupine quills, and earrings and bracelets from beads.

There are Flathead language classes, and in the evenings they all sit around the campfire, and YA YA tells the legends and stories that have been handed down for centuries by thier ancestors.

JIM THORPS MEDALS RESTORED

House Concurrent Resolution 364 was passed by the House, and the Senate just before Congress recessed for the fall elections campaigns. The resolution expresses congressional support for the restoration of Jim Thorp's olympic medals and records.

Thorp won the decathlon and pentathlon events in the 1912 olympics, but was stripped of his awards by the International Olympic Committee because they said he was a professional athlete because he had played baseball for two dollars a day.

Jim Thorp was a member of the Sac-Fox Tribe of Oklahoma.

HEAR ME MY PEOPLE WE ARE OF
ONE NATION BE WISE IN WHAT YOU
SAY OR DO DON'T LET LOOKS DECEIVE YOU
YOU MUST ALWAYS BE ON YOUR
GUARD AS WE ALL KNOW TIMES ARE
GETTING BAD.

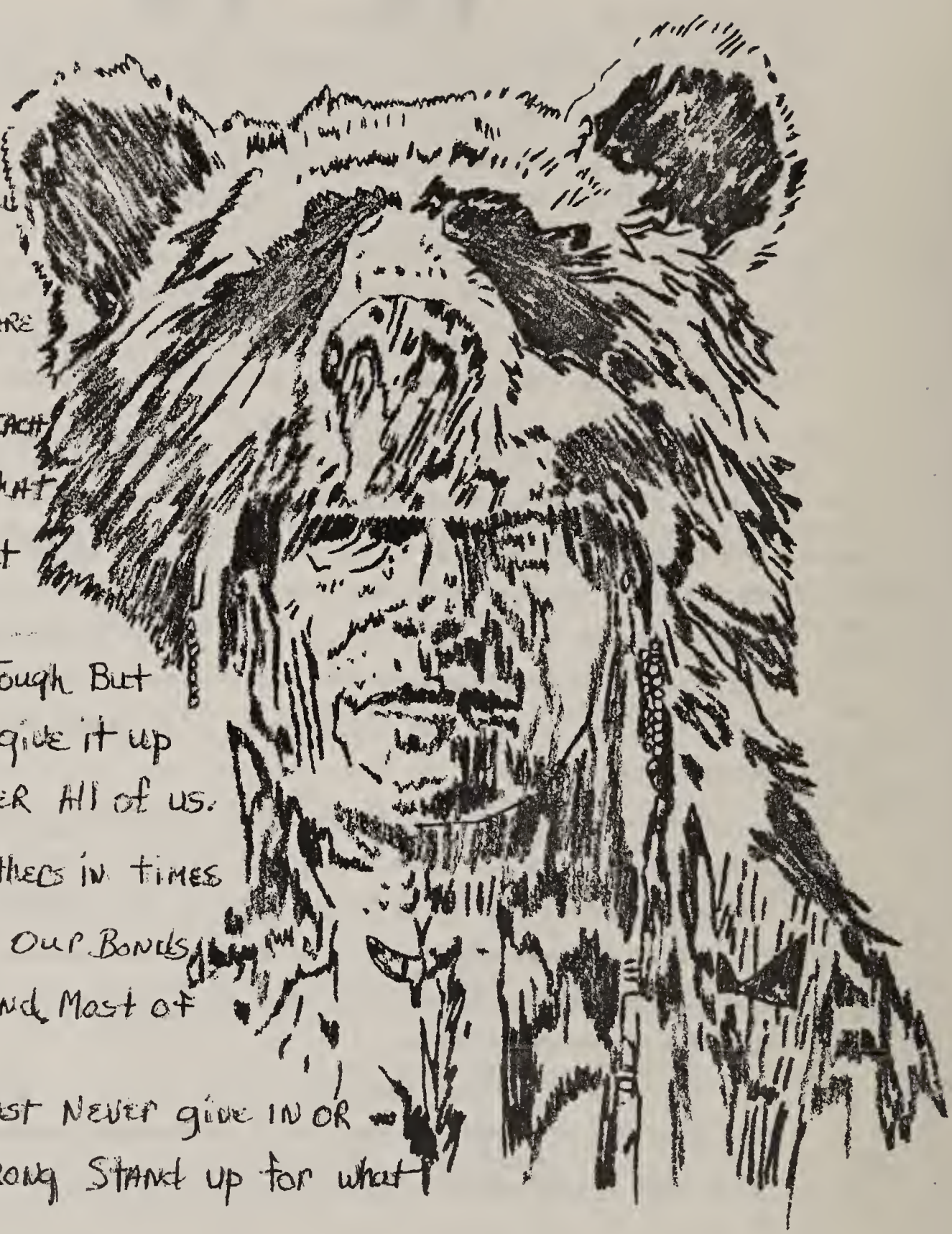
IN MY OWN WAY I PRAY FOR EACH
AND EVERY ONE OF YOU SO THAT
YOU MAY ALL TRAVEL ON THE RIGHT
PATH TO FREEDOM AND WISDOM.

THINGS IN LIFE MIGHT BE VERY TOUGH BUT
ALWAYS KEEP THE FAITH NEVER GIVE IT UP
THE GREAT SPIRIT WATCHES OVER ALL OF US.

WE MUST ALWAYS HELP OUR BROTHERS IN TIMES
OF SORROW AND TROUBLE AND KEEP OUR BONDS
STRONG BETWEEN ONE ANOTHER, AND MOST OF
ALL, RESPECT FOR EACH OTHER.

REMEMBER WE THE INDIAN MUST NEVER GIVE IN OR
SHOW ANY WEAKNESS BE STRONG STAND UP FOR WHAT
IS OURS.

SO I HAVE SPOKEN AND MAY THE GREAT SPIRIT WATCH AND GUIDE YOU IN THE
PATH OF GREATNESS. MY SPIRIT WALKS WITH YOU BROTHERS.



BY KENNY BURLAND

Looking Out

A wall of double fences surround and blur our view,
but we have no say in this for we are convicts, me and you,
as the old saying goes, we are on the inside looking out,
wishing we had some money for a good lawyer with some clout.

Some will say that crime does pay, but life can be a bitch, specially if your in here because of a low-life snitch, maby it's time to quit the game of playing cons and coppers, out there now, they pay your friends for calling crimestoppers.

As if that weren't bad enough, there's rodents in this place, and it makes me real mad to see them live behind a human face, they scurry around with beady eyes and tails that drag behind, trying to trade some info, so the cops will treat them kind.

Then we have the two-faced, who say hi and writ e us up, is it any wonder then, why respect will never develop?, most of us know there is a need for these prison rules, but some are being sorely used as intimidation tools.

No matter where you live, in a room, a cell, or the hole, or even if you are reading this while layin on death row, be sure to take a carfull look bef ore you even speak, for honor has no meaning, when it is a reward that people seek.

DEDICATED TO THE BROTHERS by
Ken Strandberg:

[illegible]

Menu Madness

Breakfast is potatoes, in a sliced or hashed up form,
if your fast, and make a dash, the eggs might still be warm,
salty mush, and toast so cold the butter freezes up,
to top it off, the coffee you get tries to eat your cup.

Lunchtime is potatoes, in a boiled or frenchfried state,
you wonder why you hurried then, to share in such a fate,
father down the chow line, is the special of the hour,
last weeks stew is born again, and wears a crust of flour.

Supper is potatoes, in a baked or salad like mess,
the main course of our meals is ??? I'll give you just one guess,
well, we all know whats cooking, and this is what I think,
it had to be a fed up con. that invented the potatoe drink!

MUCH THANKS TO
K.C. STRANDBERG:

Breaking Camp

By Steve Condo

Wrapped my Bro's Hair at the "First Light."
At the suns full stance...
Another Brother blotting ink
Unto "Classified - Confidential" papers.
Then, "Size, please?",.....
The sound of demand.
Still my Brother shall remain Indian
And reply, "30/30 pants, 16 shirt, 42 coat,
Shorts also please."

Helped my Bro pack his belongings,
So neat and special.
Then that tone again, "You wouldn't have
Nothing in there that you shouldn't,
Would you Boy?"
Poor Bro... another 30 minutes packing

I walked the yard, the eagle flew
I saw my Bro's wraps just barely
Through the chain link
He walked proud, and the state vehicle
crossed the ridge.

The Eagle circled...
Twice swooped and was gone.
Walk in peace my Brother.

Two More Snows

By Steve Condo

Listening to the music
From within, down Old Memory Grove
Once again

It's a beautiful memory and "Ah so
Many more!"
Sittin' here on the concrete, still listening
Wondering why... from within?

Two more snows must come,
For now... Memory Grove
Two more snows
Down the trail home,
For now... Memory Grove

THE N.A.I.L. SING

WE BEEN SO FAR AWAY FROM HOME
WITHOUT OUR LOVED ONES.

WE HAD LONELY AND SADNESS.

WE SHARE OUR HAPPINESS TO GO THROUGH.

WE LIVE TO GO THROUGH THE MORNING STAR
TO EVENING STAR WITH NIGHTS ALONE
WITH THE DAY BREAK AND THE SUN LEAPED UPON US
AND LOOKED UPON US, AS WE WALKED ALONE
ON PLAIN WITH OUR FEET UPON THE EARTH.

WE SIT DOWN AND BEAT THE DRUM
AND START SINGING SONGS
AS WE SHARE OUR VOICE TOGETHER
IS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AND HAPPY FEELINGS
TO HEAR THE DRUM AND SONGS.

WE HAVE A FEELING THE GREAT SPIRIT
IS NEAR US.

WE ARE PROUD TO BE INDIAN.

WE ARE PROUD TO BEAT THE DRUM.

WE ARE PROUD TO BE A SINGER.

SUBMITTED BY
RAY BIG DAY
LEAD DRUMMER
AND SINGER
FOR THE N.A.I.L.
DRUMMERS AND SINGERS

(THE PICTURES THAT ACCOMPANY
THIS ARTICLE ARE ON THE NEXT
PAGE)



L-R standing: S. Hanaway
M. Walker, M. Poiter,
G. Wells

Kneeling: S. Dog Taking Gun
& B. Schultz

(We didn't have room on any
other page for this picture
of some of the Bro's, so we
put it here)

N.A.I.L. DRUMMERS AND SINGERS.

LEFT FRONT, MIKE GOPHER.

LEFT REAR, DAN EDMUNSON.

CENTER, RAY BIG DAY, LEADER.

RIGHT, GARY DOG TAKING GUN.

RIGHT FRONT, DAVE AZURE.

**** +++++ **** +++++

N.A.I.L. DANCERS.

KEN COMESLAST.

ADRIAN MAHSEELAH.

KEN BURLAND.

CURTIS CRAZY BOY.

DON KINGERY

STAN MANY HORSES.

Hopefully a picture of the dancers will appear in our next issue.



LEFT, RAY BIG DAY

CENTER, GARY DOG TAKING GUN.

RIGHT, DAVE AZURE.

TAKEN AT ONE OF OUR WEEKLY CULTURE CLASSES.



STARTING FROM THE CENTER,
LEVI CAMBELL, DAVE AZURE, GILBERT
HANAWAY JR., DON LaVALLEY, SHERMAN
LaVALLEY, GILBERT HANAWAY SR.,
CHARLEY BACON, JOBY LaPFER, EDWARD
LEWIS, DUBBS HENDERSON, GEORGE WELLS,
J.D. DeCOTEAU, ARROW WIENBURGER,
ADAM WIENBURGER, DAVE MADERA, AND
RIC ANDERSON.



TOURNEY TRAVEL TIME

Friday evening 5:00 and we headed out. Going to a basketball tournament in Butte. Thought we'd be there overnight and all the next day. Turned out to be two nights and days. The car's crowded as hell, but it beats the vans with the cages. Feels good. Rolling up the hi-way. It's not often these days. One has to take the time and enjoy it his way. Each time it's different. The ballcourt was familiar to Zack, Granger and I. Granger was our passport into a club where all the home teams are 6 to 4 favorites. Our first game went good. We started running right away. It was alot quicker than our usual game. The court was about 2/3 normal size. We played good defense - made most of our shots - rebounded well - this was a lot different game - 4 on 4 man to man all the way. We only play zone defense inside. It was okay though, I liked it. The calls were even and fair. We won big. After we got a first round bye and then this game - we were in the quater-finals. Went out for sandwiches after the game. The bro's were hungry I tell ya. Stayed in the county jail that night. Not too homey, clean, or comfy but the change was okay. Next game we started out like always, running. Size of the teams was relatively even like last game. They ran with us. A fast game on a small floor will produce some physical contact. Anyone knows that. The odds were against us though. At least 6 to 4. They were worse than that on this night. A vast majority of the calls went against us. The play was at least even, probably dirtier and rougher by them. That's straight. Most of the calls were fouls. Only have six each. We outplayed 'em right down the line though. Except for the early part we were up by 12 to 18 as long as all of us were in the game. About 14 minutes left - Zack fouled out. About 10 minutes left - I fouled out. The odds were even better for the home team now! Still had about a 12 point lead. the tallest between Ray, Kenny and Chief is probably 5'8". Against them it didn't look good. They took the ball inside. Thought we were gonna hang on to win it. Damn! They tied it. Overtime. Didn't have enough men on the floor to do it. The hometown odds paid off again. Don't mind losin' a good game. Hate losing by the odds. They took it away. Pissed off! What can be done? We were guaranteed a trophy if we won that game. Must keep the goods at home. Back to jail. No one feeling too good - resting - it's quiet. We all know. Nothing need be said. The feeling is familiar and it never gets any better. Why are they like that? I suppose the reasons are numerous. Our next game was okay. Fell behind right away and called our first out in this our second tourney here. Caught up and played even till the half. Fell behind some to start the second half but caught up again. They were a good team. It was tough. Down the stretch we couldn't quite keep up. Throughout we missed way too many shots. The boards were real tough but we held our own. Personally I had a bad game on defense - everyone else did alright. The calls were okay but these guys were good enough not to need help. Had to settle for 5th place. Felt good to be away from here for a few days. Hope the next time will be for good.

— Dave Azure —



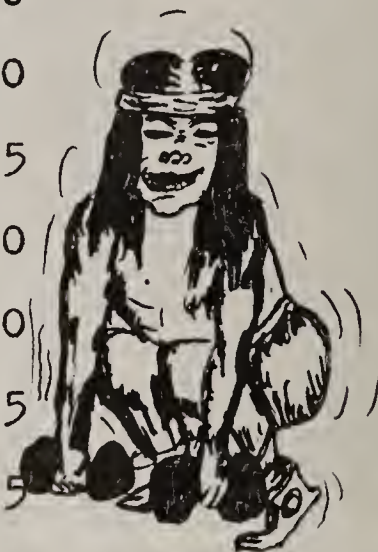
Results - M.S.P. Bench Press Competition

NOVEMBER 30th, 1982

WEIGHT LBS.

WEIGHT - LIFTED

| | |
|--------------------------|-----|
| 155...Loyd Meyers..... | 260 |
| 202...K. Butler..... | 340 |
| 175...Gordy Hart..... | 270 |
| 160...Les Howard..... | 265 |
| 176...Lewis Quincy..... | 310 |
| 155...Dan Johnson..... | 270 |
| 150...Forrest Spear..... | 185 |
| 150...Pat Tracy..... | 205 |



Congradulations to all competitors. Each participant received a medal. Next competition will be in January of 1983. We need more contestants

K. Butler & Lewis Quincy....300 plus lifted.

Basketball News

Randy Prettyweasel, Dave Azure, Adrian (Chief) Mahseelah, Ray Curley, Ken Comes Last competed in the Knights of Columbus Invitational tournament in Butte over Thanksgiving, placing 5th out of 16 teams. All five of these guys performed well and should be commended.



Rec. Dept.
Glen Granger

Montana State Prison Smokers

held October 17th, and November 6th 1982.

On Oct. 17th, the Montana State Prison Rec. Dept. held its first "Smoker" and those who were in attendance were as follows;

Mr. Cardwell, of Bozeman, brought in four boxers. Mr. Tom Watson, of White Sulphur Springs, brought in twelve boxers. Mr. J.P. Johnson of Anaconda Job Corps, brought in four boxers. Mr. Don Guizzo, of Swan River, brought brought in seven boxers. Mr. Gilbert Hanaway, of Thermopolis, Wyoming brought in four boxers.

Judging were, Mr. Tom Laughlin, of Anaconda. Mr. Tom Watson. E.A. Solle, Rec. Director at M.S.P., Mrs. Eva Felde and Mr. John Felde, of Missoula.

Time keepers were John Radford & Mike Booke, Ringside announcer was Adrian "Chief" Mahseelah.

We had 16 bouts for our first Smoker, and here are the results;

| | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------|---------------|------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1. Dale Bird, M.S.P. | 122 wt. class | *Doug Collier, Bozeman Mt. SPLIT DECISION |
| 2.*Rusty Whitworth MSP R.S.C. 1:03 3rd. round | 150 " " | Frank Wendell, Swan River, Mt. |
| 3.*Emil Longneck, MSP unanimous decision | 148 " " | Little Joe Hall, Swan River, Mt. |
| 4. Benny Rider, Thermopolis, Wyoming | 145 " " | *Chris Thullen, Missoula, Mt. R.S.C. 1:28 1st. round |
| 5.*Pete Sandcrane, MSP T.K.O. 1:40 2nd. round | 150 " " | Dave Jungers, Swan River, Mt. |
| 6. Mike Shurtliff, MSP | 160 " " | *Terry Frowler, Swan River, Mt. retired 1:48 1st. round |
| 7. Kevin Weatherall, White Sulphur Springs, Mt. | 146 " " | *Joe Addison, Thermopolis, Wyo. unanimous decision |
| 8.*Roger Scott, Swan River unanimous decision | 175 " " | John Hanson, Bozeman, Mt. |
| 9.*Tony LaMere, MSP RSC 1:53 1st. Round | 135 " " | Mike Smith, Missoula, Mt. |
| 10.*Danny Stoughton, MSP won by disqualification | 164 " " | Bob McCarter, Swan River, Mt. |
| 11.*Randy Chandler, MSP RSC 1:19 1st round | 150 " " | Alvin Talks Different, Thermopolis, Wyoming |
| 12.*Bob Gonyea, MSP unanimous decision | 156 " " | Tom Watson, White Sulphur Springs, Montana |
| 13.*Curtis Crazy Boy, MSP unanimous decision | 160 " " | John Hanaway, Thermopolis, Wyo. |
| 14.*Ken Comeslast MSP KO'D 1:13 3rd. round | 134 " " | Shane Holsted, Bozeman, Mt. |
| 15. Forrestry Spear, MSP | 140 " " | *Erin Nelson, Missoula, Mt. unanimous decision |
| 16.*Johnny Lopez, MSP RSC 1:35 1st. round | 170 " " | Dwane Davis, Missoula Mt. |

(cont.)

Montana State Prison Smoker

HELD NOVEMBER 6th, 1982

| | wt. class | |
|-----------------------------------------------|-----------|----------------------------------------------------------|
| 1.*Ken Comeslast, MSP unanimous decision | 132 | Duane Hegges, Great Falls, Mt. |
| 2. Forresty Spear, MSP | 147 | *Mike Felde, Missoula, Mt. K.O. :42 sec. 1st. round |
| 3. Dale Bird, MSP | 130 | *Doug Collier, Bozeman, Mt. RSC 1:50 2nd. round |
| 4. Rick Martell, MSP | 147 | *Brian Phillips, Bozeman, Mt. TKO :08 3rd. round |
| 5. Charles Graves, MSP | 150 | *Erin Nelson, Missoula, Mt. RSC 1:41 2nd. round |
| 6. Randy Chandler, MSP | 150 | *Brian Lassiter, Great Falls, Mt. split decision |
| 7.*Danny Stoughton, MSP RSC :36 3rd. round | 158 | Steve Frazier, Bozeman, Mt. |
| 8. Johnny Lopez, MSP | 165 | *Duane Davis, Missoula, Mt. winner by decision |
| 9. Rusty Whitworth, MSP | 155 | *Rich Lefebre, Great Falls, Mt. unanimous decision |
| 10. Randy Pretty Weasel, MSP | 170 | *Kelly Running Crane, Browning, Mt. RSC :47 2nd round |
| 11. Gary LaMere, MSP | hvy | *Doug Bush, Missoula, Mt. RSC TKO :19 3rd round |
| 12. Bob Gonyea, MSP | 160 | *Yackie Thomas, Browning, Mt. TKO :15 2nd round |
| 13.*Emil Longneck, MSO RSC :23 1st round | 155 | Moody McDermot, Bozeman, Mt. |
| 14. Dean Baker, MSP | hvy | *Rollie Dotz, Missoula, Mt. RSC 1:46 2nd round |

Judges: Mrs. Eva Felde, Missoula. Jim Clark, Great Falls, Mt. & Bob Laughlin, Anaconda, Mt.

Referee: Paul Daniels, Missoula, Mt.

Timekeepers: John Radford, MSP, Mike Booke, MSP

Ringside Announcer; Adrian "Chief" Mahseelah, MSP

Cornermen: Gus Gardner, Gary LaMere, Lenny Doney, Mike Ford, & Paul Bad Horse, all from MSP.

THREE ON THREE TOURNAMENT

On Oct. 25th, the Rec. Dept. held a 3 on 3 tournament, and only five teams signed up for the contest, but we hope to have more next time. Here are the results of that day— Randy Pretty Weasel's team anticipated on only playing six games, and thats just what they done. They swamped Mose's Graves team two out of three, then came Chief's team and done them in, which put Randy's team in the winners bracket. The second game saw Chief's team beat Mad Mattix's team two out of three, then went on to beat Michell's team the same way, but had to play them again to beat them out of second place. Congradulations to Mike and his bandits, and congrats to Randy and company (Dixon Dickie Curley, Ray Buddah Curley, and Dave Azure. Also to Chief and his crew, (Travis Holliday, Pete Sand Crane, and the kid Granger.)

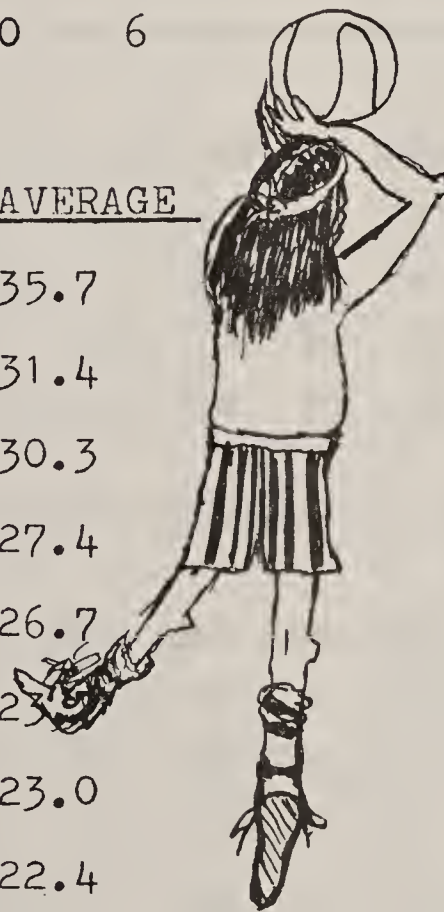
Prizes were first place 3 cartons, second place 2 cartons, and third one carton

INTRA MURAL BASKETBALL

Here are the league standings after at least six games played. More games are being scheduled and we also plan on having a tournament sometime soon. These results will follow in our next edition. Also listed are the top averages in league play.

| <u>TEAM</u> | <u>WON</u> | <u>LOST</u> |
|-------------------|------------|-------------|
| Lave Azure's | 7 | 0 |
| Chief Mahseelah's | 6 | 1 |
| Pete Sandcrane's | 5 | 2 |
| Dickie Curley's | 3 | 4 |
| Mike Michell's | 3 | 4 |
| Moses Grave's | 2 | 4 |
| Mike Mattix's | 1 | 6 |
| Ken Comes Last's | 0 | 6 |

| <u>PLAYER</u> | <u>AVERAGE</u> |
|---------------------|----------------|
| Ken Comes Last | 35.7 |
| Pete Sandcrane | 31.4 |
| Dickie Curley | 30.3 |
| Ray Curley | 27.4 |
| Dave Azure | 26.7 |
| Doug Elkins | 23.8 |
| Isaac Lion Shows | 23.0 |
| Randy Pretty Weasel | 22.4 |
| Wayne Wells | 21.1 |
| Ray LaFreniere | 20.8 |



I heard someone ask Chief one day. "How many kids you got?" Chief said, "About 160 of 'em - they all wear little feathers."

WHITWORTH, JUSLY
WALKER, MICHAEL
WALKER, KEVIN
WIENBURGER, ARROW
WIENBURGER, ADAM
RIVERA, DANNY
HART, DAVID

FLATHEAD/KOOTENAI
GROS VENTRE
GROS VENTRE
SIOUX
SIOUX
CROW
ASSOCIATE MEMBER

1983

North American Indian League Quarterly Calendar

JANUARY

1983

SUN. MON. TUE. WED. THU. FRI. SAT.

1*

+ 2 3 4 5 6 7 8*
+ 9 10 11 12 13 14 15*
+16 17 18 19 (20) 21 22*
+23 24 25 26 27 28 29*
+30 31

* WEEKLY N.A.I.L. MEETINGS

+WEEKLY CULTURE CLASS MEETINGS

() N.A.I.L. BOARD OF DIRECTORS MEETING

FEBRUARY

SUN. MON. TUE. WED. THR. FRI. SAT.

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+13 14 15 16 17 (18) 19*
+20 21 22 23 24 25 26*
+27 28

* WEEKLY N.A.I.L. MEETINGS

+ WEEKLY CULTURE CLASS MEETINGS

() N.A.I.L. BOARD OF DIRECTORS MEETING

MARCH

SUN. MON. TUE. WED. THR. FRI. SAT.

1 2 3 4 5*
+ 6 7 8 9 10 11 12*
+13 14 15 16 (17) 18 19*
+20 21 22 23 24 25 26*
+27 28 29 30 31

*WEEKLY N.A.I.L. MEETINGS

+WEEKLY CULTURE CLASS

() N.A.I.L. BOARD OF DIRECTORS MEETING

Indian Inmates in the Montana State Prison

| | | | |
|----------------------|----------------------|------------------------|--------------------------|
| ALEXANDER, LOUIE | KOOTENAI | KINGERY, DONALD | ARAPAHOE/CREE |
| ANDERSON, RICHARD | ASSINIBOINE/SIOUX | KIRKILDIE, JAMES | ASSINIBOINE/SIOUX |
| AZURE, JACK | CHIPPEWA/CREE | KAO, KERMET | ASSINIBOINE/SIOUX |
| AZURE, LESTER | CHIPPEWA/CREE | LITTLE DOG, THOMAS | BLACKFEET |
| AZURE, DAVE | CHIPPEWA/CREE | LAPIER, HAROLD | BLACKFEET |
| BIRD, ORVILLE | ASSINIBOINE/SIOUX | LION SHOWS, ISSAC | CHEYENNE/CROW |
| BULL CHILD, ALVIN | BLACKFEET | LAWRENCE, BILLY | CHIPPEWA/CREE |
| BRUCE, RANDY | CHEYENNE | LONG NECK, EMIL | CHIPPEWA/CREE |
| BORRIS, DAVID | CHIPPEWA/CREE | LAFRANIERE, RAY | CHIPPEWA/CREE |
| BESON, FRANCIS | CHIPPEWA | LAMERE, CLIFFORD | CHIPPEWA/CREE |
| BOYER, RANDY | CHIPPEWA/CREE | LAMERE, MERLE | CHIPPEWA/CREE |
| BLACKBIRD, FRNIE | CHIPPEWA/CREE | LAMERE, GARY | CHIPPEWA/CREE |
| BAD HORSE, PAUL | CROW/SIOUX/CHEYENNE | LAMERE, TONY | CREE |
| BACON, CHARLIE | FLATHEAD | LITTLE BOY, THOMAS | CHIPPEWA/CREE |
| BIG SMOKE, JOHN | FLATHEAD | LOONSFOOT, VINCE | CHIPPEWA |
| BURLAND, KENNETH | FLATHEAD/NEZ PERCE | LAPIER, RICHARD | CREE |
| BORGSTROM, BRIAN | GROS VENTRE | LONGTREE, GORDON | DAKOTA |
| BUCKMAN, JOE | GROS VENTRE | LAVALLEY, DONAVON | GROS VENTRE |
| BARTON, KENNETH | SIOUX | MICHELL, MIKE | BLACKFEET |
| CAMBELL, LEVI | ASSINIBOINE | MICHELL, HAROLD | BLACKFEET |
| COMES LAST, KENNETH | ASSINIBOINE/SIOUX | MATT, EUGENE | FLATHEAD |
| CRAZY BOY, CURTIS | BLACKFEET | MAHSEELAH, ADRIAN | FLATHEAD |
| CHANDLER, RANDY | CHIPPEWA/CREE | McCLURE, HAROLD | FLATHEAD |
| CAMBELL, ART | CHIPPEWA/CREE | MARTIN DUANE | SIOUX |
| CONDO, STEVE | CHIPPEWA/CREE | MARTELL, RICK | SIOUX |
| CLOSE, DUANE | ASSOCIATE MEMBER | MARTELL, DAVE | SIOUX |
| CROWE, TED | DAKOTA | MORROW, DENNIS | SIOUX |
| CAVANAUGH, JAMES | DAKOTA | MADERA, DAVE | SPOKANE |
| CURLEY, DIXON | FLATHEAD | NEUMAN, AUGUST | SIOUX |
| CURLEY, RAY | FLATHEAD | OPPELT, DAVE | CHIPPEWA/CREE |
| CAYE, ABE | KOOTENAI | PUETT, CHARLES | APACHE |
| COUTURE, RON | KOOTENAI | POITRA, MARK | CHIPPEWA/CREE |
| COURVILLE, ALEX | FLATHEAD | PRETTY WEASEL, RANDY | CROW |
| CHARLO, ALBERT | FLATHEAD | PECK, MICHAEL | CHIPPEWA/CREE |
| CHRISTIANSSEN, LOUIE | YAQUI | PIERRE, DUANE | FLATHEAD/KOOTENAI |
| DOG TAKING GUN, GARY | BLACKFEET | QUINCY, LEWIS | GROS VENTRE |
| DeCOTEAU, DAVID | CHIPPEWA | RED ROBE, TEDDY | CHEYENNE |
| DuBOIS, KENNETH | CHIPPEWA | SWARTZ, PAUL | APACHE |
| DONEY, LEONARD | CHIPPEWA/CREE | STONE, DEWEY | BLACKFEET |
| DESS, THOMAS | CHIPPEWA/CREE | SCHULTZ, BOB | BLACKFEET |
| DONEY, DONALD | CHIPPEWA/CREE | SHEPARD, P. | CHEROKEE |
| DANIELS, JOHN | CREE | SPEAR, FORREST | NORTHERN CHEYENNE |
| DONEY, DENNIS | GROS VENTRE | SAND CRANE, PETE | NORTHERN CHEYENNE |
| FLETCHER, J.R. | CHEROKEE | SHOULDER BLADE, DENNIS | NORTHERN CHEYENNE |
| FORD, MIKE | BLACKFEET | SWAN, GARY | CREE |
| GOINGS, GLEN | BLACKFEET | SUMNER, ROY | DAKOTA |
| GAFFORD, CARL | CHEROKEE | STINGER, JAMES | FLATHEAD/SALISH/KOOTENAI |
| GARDIPPEE, MELVIN | CHIPPEWA/CREE | SORRELL, FRANK | FLATHEAD/CREE |
| GLADUE, BOB | CHIPPEWA/CREE | TREE TOP, DAVE | DAKOTA |
| GOPHER, MIKE | CHIPPEWA | THUMB, GARY | SIOUX |
| GARDNER, GUS | CROW | USHMAN, PETE | FLATHEAD |
| GARNIER, HAROLD | SIOUX | UNRUH, ERIC | NEZ PERCE |
| HEAD CARRIER, GENE | BLACKFEET | VIELLE, KIETH | BLACKFEET |
| HENDERSON, ALAN | CHIPPEWA/CREE | VILLALOBOIES | CHOCTAW |
| HAWKENS, SHERMAN | CROW | WINANS, ARTIST | ASSINIBOINE/ARIKARA |
| HANAWAY, CILBERT | GROS VENTRE/ARAPAHOE | WALTERS, ANDY | ARIKARA |
| HENDERSON, HARVEY | CREE | WHITE, RONNARD | CHEROKEE/SEMINOLE |
| JONES, LEROY | APACHE | WALKER, JERRY | CHIPPEWA/CREE |
| JORGENSEN, TRACY | ARIKARA | WELLS, GEORGE | CHIPPEWA/CREE |
| JORGENSEN, RON | ARIKARA | WAKAN, WALLACE | DAKOTA |



"The Survivors"

America's Last Wild Bison Are A Breed Apart

It happened quickly, First there were 60 million, roaming the prairies and plains, blanketing whole valleys almost shoulder to shoulder for miles, the greatest abundance of any species of large mammal that modern mankind had ever beheld. And then, in 1889, there were (by one informed estimate) just 541 bison surviving throughout all the United States.

The slaughter had been conducted with prodigious efficiency and prodigious waste. Sometimes from a dead bison the meat was taken, sometimes only the hide, sometimes no more than the tongue, cut out and pickled in brine, to be sent to New York in a barrel. Sometimes not even that: To relieve the boredom of crossing Nebraska by rail, people shot them from train windows and left them rotting untouched. In the wildest years of the carnage, certain booking agents for the railroads went so far as to advertise outings on that basis: "Ample time will be had for a grand BUFFALO HUNT. Buffaloes are so numerous along the road that they are shot from cars nearly every day. On our last excursion our party killed twenty buffaloes in a hunt of six hours! Roundtrip tickets from Leavenworth, only \$10!" In Montana and the Dakotas, last refuge of the big herds, the trade in hides peaked around 1882, and then suddenly, two years later, the professional hunters were coming back from a frustrating season having seen no buffalo. None. They were gone or in hiding. Perhaps a final few desperate animals had retreated to high country, beyond the Absaroka Mountains, into Yellowstone Park. At this point among the thrill seekers, the railroad excursionists, those idle souls back in Wichita and St. Louis and Philadelphia who collected trophies and fancied themselves "sport hunters," there was a measure of interest in that supposed distinction which would attach to the man who killed the last American bison.

But no one did. Miracle of our good fortune: No one did.

Why not? Partly because of collective good sense: Laws (belated and, at first, weak ones) were passed. And partly also because of natural human sloth: The last of the bison were not, for even an experienced hunter, so very easy to find. During that brush with extinction at the end of the 1880s, when the species had fallen in this country to fewer than 600 individuals, and not many more in Canada, the high mountain meadows and steep woodlands of the Yellowstone Plateau did shelter bison—probably more than 200 head, one-third of the entire national remnant.

These Yellowstone animals were not newcomers, however, not fugitives lately arrived in flight from the massacre below. They were a distinct subspecies now known as mountain bison. They had been there all along.

And they were a little different, the mountain bison, a little more cagey than their lowland relatives, perhaps more than a little better adapted to avoid terminal confrontation with man. Fossil evidence shows that they were slightly larger, on average, than plains bison (which is to say, larger than any animal on the continent), and yet from historical accounts we hear also that they were more agile and alert and wary. One observer in 1877 wrote: "These animals are by no means plentiful, and are moreover excessively shy, inhabiting the deepest, darkest defiles, or the craggy, almost precipitous, sides of mountains, inaccessible to any but the most practised mountaineers." Another writer, the park's superintendent in 1880, judged them "most keen of scent and difficult of approach of all mountain animals." The cloak of hair over the shoulders and hump was darker and finer than on plains buffalo, the alignment of horns was minutely different, and, most important, the mountain bison were more hardy.

They had evolved capability to endure those bitter and long winters in the high Yellowstone valleys—above 7,500 feet with deep snow and temperatures often below minus 25 degrees—where a buffalo hunter, white or Indian, could easily freeze to death in pursuit. They would face into a driving blizzard in open country and stand their ground—waiting, enduring, indomitable. They were living exempla of the stalwart. They would plow snow aside with the muzzles of their massive heads to reach edible grass underneath. They would use the Firehole River and other natural geothermal features of Yellowstone as highways and oases during the worst of the winters. And in summer they climbed still higher, escaping the biting insects, grazing the sedges and grasses of subalpine meadows and even onto the alpine tundra above timberline. Hannibal would have worshiped these creatures.

But despite their reclusiveness, despite their agility and power, despite the legislation that in 1872 had made Yellowstone our first national park, the mountain bison were still poached for their heads and their hides. Snowshoes and Sharps rifles made this possible, if not easy, and trophy heads were now bringing prices high enough to justify the ordeal. It was illegal, but the law allowed only token penalties, and the park budget allowed only token enforcement. In 1894, after an especially flagrant poaching case was reported in the journal Forest and Stream, spawning further coverage in newspapers around the country and a tardy accession of public concern, Congress passed a law with penalties severe enough to protect the Yellowstone bison. Yet by then it was very nearly too late. Enforcement was still difficult in Yellowstone backcountry, and by 1897 the entire park population had shrunk to less than 25. These few animals were burdened with a double distinction. They were not only the last of the mountain bison. They were also the last wild bison, of any sort whatever, in all the United States.

Elsewhere the sole survivors were plains bison that had been preserved by venturesome ranchers for commercial stock-growing experiments. These private herds were kept like cattle: fed out on hay during hard weather, gathered periodically into corrals, the excess male calves castrated into steers. Saddled, some of them, for the amusement of their owners. Consigned to performing in rodeos. Crossbred with domestic cattle. Doted on as nostalgic curios. And routinely slaughtered for their meat. When the century turned, there were still many buffalo in the United States, and the number was increasing, but the only wild and free-living holdouts were those two dozen in Yellowstone.

And then in 1902, with well-meaning folk convinced that the little group was doomed, stock-ranchers practices came also to Yellowstone. Congress put up \$15,000, twenty-one plains bison were purchased from private herds in Texas and Montana, and an official "Buffalo Ranch" was established in the gorgeous Lamar Valley of the park's northwest corner. Hay was doled out, there were corrals and roundups, castrations and cullings. It became—judged on its own terms—a successful operation. Many plains bison were raised at the Lamar Buffalo Ranch. Only hindsight could have shown us that it was an utterly superfluous enterprise.

Superfluous because, while this ranching proceeded in the Lamar, the two dozen wild bison went their own way, to the higher woodlands and the tundra in the summer, to the sheltered valleys, and thermal areas in winter, and survived. Left alone, given nothing but peace, they saved themselves. Endured, as they always had done, and after two decades on the brink of extinction, began again to multiply naturally.

The Buffalo Ranch is long since defunct. Its buildings now house a thriving institute for the study of Yellowstone's ecosystem. And today in Yellowstone Park, along the Lamar and Firehole, amid the bunchgrass and sage of the Hayden Valley, across the Mirror Plateau above Specimen Ridge and at the headwaters of the Bechler River, there live about two thousand bison.

Despite some past interbreeding with—adulteration by—the old Lamar herd of coddled flatland outsiders, the Yellowstone animals represent our best and only remnant of wild bison, mountain bison, America's most imposing and resolute and dignified beast. These creatures were made for greatness. They were made to scale the spine of a continent, on tiny hoofs below huge shoulders, and stand facing the driven snow. They were made to last.

* * * * *

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WE HOPE YOU WILL ENJOY READING OUR NEWSLETTER AND IF HAVE ANY ARTICLES THAT YOU WOULD LIKE TO SHARE WITH US, PLEASE DON'T HESITATE TO SEND THEM TO THE HUNTER. THANK YOU AND MAY THE GREAT SPIRIT BLESS THE MINDS AND HEARTS OF OUR READERS!!!!

* * * * *

Only Man

The Great Spirit commanded that lands
and fishes should be common to all
who live upon them.
They were never to be marked off or divided.
The people should enjoy the fruits
that he planted on the land,
and the animals that lived upon it,
and the fishes in the water.
The Great Spirit said that he was the father,
and Earth, the mother, of mankind.
Nature was the law.
The animals, and fish, and plants obeyed nature.
Only man was sinful.

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Circles

Everything an Indian does is in a circle,
because the power of the world
always works in circles,
and everything tries to be round.
The sky is round,
and the earth is round like a ball,
and so are all the stars.
The wind, in its greatest power, whirls.
Birds make their nests in circles,
for their religion is the same as ours.
The sun comes forth and goes down again in a circle.
The moon does the same, and both are round.
Even the seasons form a great circle
in their changing,
and always come back again to where they were.
The life of a man is a circle
from childhood to childhood,
and so it is everything where power moves.

Teach Your Children

We sang songs that carried in the melodies
all sounds of nature—
the running of waters, the sighing of winds,
and the calls of the animals.
Teach these to your children,
that they may come to love nature as we love it.

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ALTHOUGH IT IS RATHER COMMON TO THANK PEOPLE FOR THEIR CONTRIBUTIONS AND SUPPORT TOWARD AN IDEA. WE'D LIKE TO THANK THOSE INDIVIDUALS FOR CONTRIBUTING THEIR ABILITY, TIME, AND IDEAS. THERE HAS BEEN TOO MANY GOOD THINGS WORTH SAYING AND WITHOUT THEIR CONCERN IT WOULD AFFECT MANY OF OUR INTERESTS.

THIS ISSUE IS MOSTLY COMPRISED OF OUR OWN ARTICLES AND A FEW FROM OUTSIDE SOURCES. WE HOPE TO PROVIDE WORTH-WHILE INFORMATION IN OUR HUNTER NEWSLETTER AND HOPE TO RECEIVE COMMENTS FROM OUR READERS IN THE FREE WORLD.

THERE HAS BEEN CONSIDERABLE INTEREST IN THE PRESERVATION OF OUR TRADITION, CULTURE, AND HERITAGE. OUR PRIMARY CONCERN IS NOW, WE DON'T WORRY ABOUT BEYOND. THE REAL HEROES IN THIS WHOLE SCENE ARE THE NATIVE AMERICANS WHO ARE EXPRESSING THEMSELVES.

AND, TO THOSE OF US WHO CARE ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, THERE IS ONLY ONE LEGITIMATE NORTH AMERICAN PEOPLE. THROUGH OUR HUNTER NEWSLETTER ITS AN OPPORTUNITY TO COMPLAIN, PRAISE, OR REQUEST ANY PARTICULAR ISSUES IN MIND. ITS NICE TO BE A NATIVE AMERICAN.

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